

VERMONT TELEGRAPH.

"I AM SET FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE GOSPEL."

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TERMS:
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EDUCATION.

Further Extracts from Weld's Report on Manual Labor.

Perhaps while it is admitted that these evils exist, it is denied that they result from neglect of exercise. That other causes connected with the quantity and quality of food, high stimulants, unnatural postures, a deficiency of exercise of sleep, operate to bring about the result, is manifest; and it is equally clear that a want of sufficient exercise in the open air is the main cause. The following testimony is explicit:

"Every fact presented by the pathology of the diseases of literary men confirms the opinion that the neglect of physical culture lies at the foundation."—*Dr. Reynolds of Boston on Physical Culture.*
"Inactivity is the great bane of literary men. To the student exercise may be considered the most certain safeguard against all those diseases which result from intellectual exhaustion. It is plain that in the present state of things, men's minds are too much engaged, and their bodies too little; and here lies the root of the bodily mischief so much complained of. I am fully persuaded that deficient exercise and mental anxiety are far the most common and most powerful sources of dyspepsia."—*Graham on Indigestion.*

"It is the debauchery of inaction that has spread itself so extensively, and engendered so alarming an increase of dyspepsia and other chronic maladies."—*Professor Salzman.*

"A very cursory investigation of exercise will show that inactivity is not only a very powerful direct disease, but that by co-operating with the other causes of disease to which students are exposed, it has a more general and pernicious influence than any other, perhaps than all the rest."—*Dr. Finley, Cincinnati, Ohio.*

"If then the neglect of bodily exercise is the main cause of these evils, remove the cause, and the effect will cease. Shall we refuse to procure exemption from the inflictions of such a curse, when it can be purchased at so cheap a rate as this?—Most men admit the importance of exercise for health, but few, comparatively, have an adequate conviction of its necessity."

"There are many commonly received truths, which require frequent statement and much explicit detail, in order that their importance may be appreciated. As this is one of them, the extracts which follow require neither preface nor apology."

"Nothing in the world is a more certain and efficacious preservative of health than a sufficiency of bodily motion. It excels every medicine that can be recommended for the preservation of health and the prevention of disease, and in this view may be justly called a panacea, as it not only removes the causes of disorders, but is an effectual means of strengthening the body, and keeping it in a proper tone."—*Hoffman, Physician to the King of Prussia.*

"Labor or exercise is indispensably necessary to preserve the body any time in due plight."—*Cheyne.*

"Exercise in the open air is essential to the well-being of every person."—*Paris on Diet.*

"Nothing can supply the place of exercise in the open air. Without it, the body very soon inevitably grows languid; the circulation is impeded; the general nervous energy impaired; the digestive functions enervated and disordered; and the body becomes an easy prey to some chronic disorder."—*Art of Invigorating and Prolonging Life.*

"My whole observation and experience, ever since I became capable of observing at all, have been most convincing in relation to the importance of systematic exercise for students. For the last twenty years, my attention has been closely directed to it, and my opportunities of observing and deciding in reference to it, have been numerous and very impressive. It is true, some students stand in need of a greater amount of bodily exercise than others; but all need it, and need it indispensably. Not one student, I should say, in five hundred, can, with safety to his health, pursue a systematic course of study, without the habitual use of a considerable amount of exercise in the open air."

"He may, for a time, feel pretty well without it, and imagine that it is not necessary for him; but it is all a delusion. Nature will, in the end, assert her claims; and he will be obliged to pay, in principal and interest, for all his idleness of exercise; and it will be well, if he should ever be able to quiet the claim. Many young men whom I earnestly and tenderly exhorted on this subject, at the commencement of their theological course, and who have in a great measure disregarded my exhorta-

tion, have come to me afterwards in all the bitterness of repentance, mourning over the prostration of their health, and lamenting that they did not profit by my counsel. In short, my conviction of the importance and indispensable necessity of systematic exercise to all students, is every day becoming more deep and strong. We say to every student, without fear of mistake, 'You must take exercise daily, or quit study, or be sick.'—*Rev. Dr. Miller, Princeton Theological Seminary.*

MORAL REFORM.

Moral feeling among licentious young men.

It is no secret, that among too many of the young men of our country liberalism is esteemed rather an accomplishment than a crime, and that youth is rather envied than despised, who can boast of the most frequent and numerous successes in low gallantry. By many who have had an equal disposition, but not an equal opportunity to sin, he is regarded as a person of superior attainments in all that is manly, whose example is to be copied, rather than shunned. The more hearts he has won and sacrificed, the more females he has led astray by his arts, the more is he to be envied, by his thoughtless and unprincipled associates. Such young men will often assemble in groups, even in the country, and amuse and instruct each other, by recounting their success in some scheme of profligacy, with as much self importance as if they had done a virtuous action. They boast of their impurity as much as if it were a passport to the esteem of their fellows. No matter how much ruin they have accomplished, no matter how much domestic peace they have destroyed, or if, by their crimes they have been necessary to murder, or have plunged a soul into hell, it is all the same to them. Such is the state of moral feeling among no small portion of the young men of our country, a feeling evincing a depravity so deep and shameful, as to call for the universal reprobation of all persons of decency and morals. Let such young men be despised and shunned by their more virtuous companions; as though their presence much more their conversation, was demoralizing and polluting. This shameful state of moral feeling is strikingly developed in the following *midnight story*.—*Journal of Pub. Morals.*

From the New York Transcript.

It was near midnight, the other evening, that we heard the recital of a tale of villany, which, though probably one of a thousand in every age and community, we are tempted to record. The relation may possibly do no good, while very likely it will call forth many a smile of derision from the libertine who mocks at chastity and "calls virtue hypocrite," at the expense of our simplicity, and our old-fashioned notions of virtue. Still it may do good. It may induce some frail one, while yet balancing upon the brink of error, to pause ere it be too late. The straight and narrow path of virtue may at first appear less inviting to the mind not strongly grounded in moral purity, than the broader road inviting to pleasure, but which, though apparently strewn with flowers at its entrance, leads nevertheless and inevitably to the gates of death; and the fate of the fair being of whom we shall speak, may perchance induce some weak and thoughtless one to recoil from a step, which, when once taken, can never be retraced. Perhaps moreover the narrative may fall beneath the eye of one, who in its perusal will see vice reflected back in its own image, in a manner so unexpected as to startle him from his sin-hardened composure, and bring him to repentance.

We were standing at the gloomy hour and on the occasion referred to, upon the steamboat wharf jutting into the river at the Poughkeepsie landing, listening to the music of the water, as the little wavelets dashed gently against the timbers, and the sides of the vessels lying at the dock, and watching for the lights of the Albany boat, as they were expected soon to have in sight around the bend of Crumb-elbow. On the shore, at the ferry house, were various groups of people, most of whom, like ourselves, were anxiously waiting for the boat either from above or below—for it happened that both were late—to take passage for their different places of destination. As the travellers were mostly strangers to each other, there was little conversation beyond the ordinary exclamations of impatience at the delay; and the stillness of the night was only broken by the occasional stamping of the coach horses stationed for the public convenience at the base of the hill.

While thus upon the look out, leaning at ease against an upright timber, two persons in respectable attire, passed by in our rear, and took post by the outer railing at a few yards distance. Gentlemen, we presume they call themselves. We will not dispute the title. "God made them, therefore let them pass for men." They appeared from their conversation—which they doubtless supposed was falling upon no ears but their own—and as they had "crossed our path" it was no part of our duty to undeviate them—to be old acquaintances recently met. But ere they had proceeded long with their discourse, we could with Shakespeare have wished their hill might rise—

—as wicked dew
As e'er was brush'd by the raven's feather,
From an unwholesome fen, to fall on,
And blister them all o'er.

Their conversation was that of autobiography—relations to each other of their respective lives and adventures, while they had been parted. They talked of their amours, and one of the narratives related was this. The relator was describing a mistress he had kept in Albany. "She was," he said, "a young thing and pretty. She was married, and had two children. I knew her husband very well. After a while I got tired of her, and shifted her off. She then went to Utica where she staid some time. She was fond of me I s'pose, and sent for me to come up there. I went and saw her, and finally determined to bring her back to Albany. We took a boat at Little Falls, and from thence a canal boat. After a while . . . [a few words that we did not hear] . . . I had her in Troy, and then in Lansingburgh. . . . [Here were a few more words inaudible] . . . She was now taken by a young fellow, Mr. —, who became very fond of her. She was the first woman he had ever had, and she persuaded him to marry her. She loved him too. His father heard of it and was determined to break it up. He took his son to New York, and he promised to have no more to do with her. But he was so much taken with her that he got her back again, and would have been married, but his father again got wind of it, and took him to New York and shipped him off to sea. You never saw how she took on. She went to New York, visited every vessel, and inquired of all the captains to find him. If she had ascertained where he had sailed for, she would have shipped after him. But she could not. She then came back to Albany, but was very uneasy, and went after him again to New York. Thence back she came to Albany, and was almost crazy for him. I took her to Troy and Lansingburgh, and tried to talk it out of her. But it was no use. We rode her about, but it did no good; she was quite deranged, and declared if she could not have him she would kill herself. Finally, one afternoon she went and got a vial of laudanum, mixed it with a tumbler of water, and drank it off. When she grew sick, she told what she had done. A doctor was sent for, but it was too late. The stomach-pump did no good. The laudanum had got fast hold of her, and she died. We got up a funeral for her, and I sent three carriages."

Such was the substance, and as nearly as delicacy will permit, the very words of this affecting tale of shame and sin—the particularity and consistency of the details attesting its truth. And yet this guilty seducer related it with as much coolness and indifference as if he were speaking of the commonest business transactions of life. A villain by his own showing—he spoke of the injured husband, and the whole career of the miserable victim, from the commencement of her life of sin, until the clods of the suicide's grave had closed over her, with less of feeling than he would have exhibited at the death of a favorite dog! Such a soulless villain, we thought we had never heard—for we could scarce see through the gloom, deepened as it was by the shadows of the high rocky bank of the Slange Klip, over the crests of which the waning moon had yet scarce begun to spread her silver mantle. But our meditations were checked, and our meditations upon the total depravity of man interrupted, by the cry of "the boat!" which now shot swiftly round the elbow, and came puffing down upon us amid clouds of fire and smoke, like a floating volcano. All was of course bustle and confusion in a moment, and the hopeful friends were lost in the dusky cloud.

We will only add, that in the fate of this poor victim, hundreds now living in the same vicious course may probably read their own doom, while to all it affords a salutary lesson of human frailty—teaching with what watchfulness even the first act "that blurs the grace and blush of modesty" should be guarded against. However accomplished or beautiful, the woman who yields to the libertine, may rest assured that she is soon to be "cast like a loathsome weed, away," and, although there is always room for repentance, yet the grave can only hide her shame, while anguish—despair—madness—SUICIDE—but too often hurry her hither!

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

From Chalmers's Works.

The Guilt of Dishonesty not to be estimated by the Gain of it.

"He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much; and he that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much."—*Luke xii: 10.*

Concluded.

It may appear a very little thing, when you are told to be honest in little matters; when the servant is told to keep her hand from every one article about which there is not an express or understood allowance on the part of her superiors; when the dealer is told to lop off the excesses of that minister of fraudulence, which is so currently practised in the humble walks of merchandize; when the workman is told to abstain from those petty reservations of the material of his work, for which he is

said to have such snug and ample opportunity; and when, without pronouncing on the actual extent of these transgressions, all are told to be faithful in that which is least, else, if there be truth in our text, they incur the guilt of being unfaithful in much. It may be thought, that because such dishonesties as these are scarcely noticeable, they are therefore not worthy of notice. But it is just in the proportion of their being unnoticeable by the human eye, that it is religious to refrain from them. These are the cases in which it will be seen, whether the control of the omniscience of God makes up for the control of human observation—in which the sentiment, that thou God seest me, should carry a preponderance through all the secret places of a man's history—in which, when every earthly check of an earthly morality is withdrawn, it should be felt, that the eye of God is upon him, and that the judgment of God is in reserve for him. To him who is gilded with a true discernment of these matters, will it appear, that often, in proportion to the smallness of the doings, is the sacredness of that principle which causes them to be done with integrity; that honesty, in little transactions, bears upon it more of the aspect of holiness, than honesty in great ones; that the man of deepest sensibility to the obligations of the law, is he who feels the quickening of moral alarm at its slightest violations; that, in the morality of grains and of scruples, there may be a greater tenderness of conscience, and a more heavenly sanctity, than in that larger morality which flashes broadly and observedly upon the world;—and that thus, in the faithfulness of the household maid, or of the apprentice boy, there may be the presence of a truer principle than there is in the more conspicuous transactions of human business—what they do, being done, not with eye-service—what they do, being done unto the Lord.

And here we may remark, that nobleness of condition is not essential as a school for nobleness of character; nor does man require to be high in office, ere he can gather around his person the worth and the lustre of a high minded integrity. It is delightful to think, that humble life may be just as rich in moral grace, and moral grandeur, as the loftier places of society; that as true a dignity of principle may be earned by him who in the homeliest drudgery, plies his conscientious task, as by him who stands entrusted with the fortunes of an empire; that the poorest menial in the land, who can lift a hand unsoiled by the perversities that are within his reach, may have achieved a victory over temptation, to the full as honorable as the proudest patriot can boast, who has spurned the bribery of courts away from him. It is cheering to know, that he who is heavenly judge himself, that he who is faithful in "the least," is faithful also in much; and that thus, among the labors of the field and of the work-shop, it is possible for the peasant to be as bright in honor as the peer, and have the chivalry of as much truth and virtue to adorn him.

And, as this lesson is not little in respect of principle, so neither is it little in respect of influence on the order and well-being of human society. He who is unjust in the least, is, in respect of guilt, unjust also in much. And to reverse this proposition, as it is done in the first clause of our text—he who is faithful in that which is least, is, in respect both of rightness of principle and of actual observation, faithful also in much. Who is the man to whom I would most readily confide the whole of my property? He who would most disdain to put forth an injurious hand, on a single farthing of it. Who is the man from whom I would have the least dread of any unrighteous encroachment? He, all the delicacies of whose principle are awakened, when he comes within sight of the limit which separates the region of justice from the region of injustice. Who is the man whom we shall never find among the greater degrees of iniquity? He who shrinks with sacred abhorrence from the lesser degrees of it. It is a true, though a homely maxim of economy, that if we take care of our small sums, our great sums will take care of themselves. And, to pass from our own things to the things of others, it is no less true, that if principle should lead us all to maintain the care of strictest honesty over our neighbor's pennies, then will his pounds lie secure from the grasp of injustice, behind the barrier of a moral impossibility. This lesson, if carried into effect among you, would so strengthen all the ramparts of security between man and man, as to make them utterly impassable; and therefore, while, in the matter of it, it may look, in one view, as one of the least of the commandments, it, in regard both of principle and effect, is, in another view of it, one of the greatest of the commandments. And we therefore conclude with assuring you, that nothing will spread the principle of this commandment to any great extent throughout the mass of society, but the principle of godliness. Nothing will secure the general observance of justice amongst us, in its punctuality and in its preciseness, but such a precise Christianity as may affirm to be puritanical. In other words, the virtues of society, to be kept in a healthful and prosperous condition, must be upheld by the virtues of the sanctuary. Human law may restrain many of the grosser violations. But without religion among the people, justice

will never be in extensive operation as a moral principle. A vast proportion of the species will be as unjust as the vigilance and the severities of law allow them to be. A thousand petty dishonesties, which never will, and never can be bro't within the cognizance of any of our courts of administration, will still continue to derange the business of human life, and to stir up all the heartburnings of suspicion and resentment among the members of human society. And it is, indeed, a triumphant reversion awaiting Christianity of the New Testament, when it shall become manifest as day, that it is her doctrine alone, which, by its searching and sanctifying influence, can so moralize our world—as that each may sleep secure in the lap of his neighbor's integrity, and charm of confidence, between man and man, will at length be felt in the business of every town, and in the bosom of every family.

MISSIONARY.

From the Bap. Missionary Magazine, Oct. 1836.

Deputations to the Missionary stations in the East.

Journal of Rev. Howard Malcom.

The following journal of the outward passage has been received within a few days, by the ship India, from Calcutta, via Madras. Later advances inform us that the Louvre left the mouth of the Hoogly, Feb. 7, proceeded to Amherst and Maulmein, remaining at the latter place one week, and arrived at Singapore, March 31. Mr Malcom remained at Maulmein. His health was improving; "every attack of disease since the first in Boston, had been decidedly lighter."

The Voyage.

How cordial and comprehensive are the sympathies of true religion! Who that saw the Louvre, with her eleven ordained ministers, about to spread her canvass, could fail to contrast the scene with ordinary shipping operations? Over all the wharf, is one dense mass of grave and silent spectators, while the decks and rigging of the adjacent ships are filled with younger, but not less intent observers. No sound interrupts the ascending prayer. The full harmony of a thousand voices wafts to heaven the touching hymn:—
"Countless hands thrust toward the narrow passway, seek the last token of recognition. Even the aged, unaccustomed to tears, weep, not from bitterness, but in exuberance of love."

But here are none of the customary inducements to converse a crowd. A ship sailing with passengers is no novelty. One of the number was indeed the pastor of a large and most affectionate congregation; but with the others in general, the multitude had no acquaintance. Personal attachments, therefore, had not assembled the people. There was, in fact, nothing in the scene, which could call forth a general interest, but its religious character. The regular packet, crowded with passengers leaves our shores, while only here and there a group of personal friends look on with interest. The merchantman unfurls his sails, but his destination and objects are not regarded. But the missionary! he awakens the sympathy of every believer. Stranger though he be, all press to grasp his hand, and, when gone, all intercede for him with God. Even denominational preferences are forgotten, and every sect mingles in the throng, exulting in a common joy.

All this, however, is a mere fraction of the fruits of Christian charity. The same expansive benevolence embraces the unseen, unknown, heathen. Intense interest for these, sends forth these self-denying ones, and draws from Christians at home, the requisite funds. The world is the field over which the eye of the Christian wanders, and for all of which he will labor and pray, while he has being. O blessed gospel, which thus makes man the friend of man, and excites in the heart all that is pure, joyous, and benevolent!

Never did a ship leave Boston harbor more nobly. A fine wind, and favoring tide, bore us on so rapidly, as scarcely to leave us time to gaze on the lingering fire-well to the faint outlines of the great and beautiful city. In two hours the pilot left us, bearing brief notes of affectionate remembrance to friends behind. Soon we found ourselves in the midst of scores of beautiful schooners, engaged in the mackerel fishing. So thickly did they lie along the horizon, as to resemble long streets of stately white houses. Even these, at length, sunk into the dim distance, and we dashed on till night closed in, and the breeze hushed itself to rest.

Wednesday, Sept. 23. Light winds, and a smooth sea, gave us a night of quiet repose; but as the sun rose cloudless out of the sea, the wind freshened on our quarter, and amid an array of studding-sails we made fine progress. Most of the passengers, alas! feel no relish for the noble sight of the ocean, and the rapid plunging of our gallant ship. Sea-sickness, the most dispiriting of all maladies, oppresses them. Mr Sutton and myself, however, being injured to the unnatural motion, are so far exempt as to be able to get the part of nurses. Between attending the sick, and making fast the rigging, I have found ample employment for the day.

My heart fills with tender and grateful emotions, as I arrange the various gifts of

friendship and regard which almost fill my state-room. Nothing that experience could dictate, or imagination suggest, as requisite for my comfort, seems wanting. My sweet, but oppressive emotions, find relief only in pouring out before God, fervent thanks, and imploring him to remember his promise, that a cup of cold water given to a disciple, because he is a disciple, shall not lose its reward.

24. The wind has continued favorable, and we are already advanced on our way nearly 500 miles. The sky-light in my state-room proves all-sufficient. The round-house (so called,) on deck, is an invaluable comfort, and will be especially so in rainy weather. In the evening, such as were well enough commenced family worship in the cabin.

Sunday, 27. Still fine and favoring breezes. An awning being extended over the deck, and seats arranged, brother S. preached this morning an appropriate and interesting discourse. Most of the passengers were able to attend. As many were singers, I led the psalmody with my flute, and we raised our hosannas, not unacceptable, we trust, even to the ears of God. Four of the crew attended. Our entire company then resolved themselves into a Bible class, to meet every Lord's-day afternoon at half past three, and requested me to take charge of it. We selected the Acts of the Apostles as most appropriate to our missionary work. Till the arrival of the appointed time, on every side were seen the brethren and sisters, busy with Doddridge, Henry, Scott, Barnes, Adam Clarke, &c. &c. We shall take a chapter each time, and occupy in the recitation from one to two hours.

Sunday, Oct. 10. Amid the numerous discomforts of a long sea voyage, one is thrown in upon his own resources, both for improvement and pleasure. But the mind accustomed to view with intelligent and devout contemplation the works of God, can seldom be without materials for lofty and purifying thought. And surely the wide ocean, and wider sky, present a rich field for the expiation of our noblest thoughts. Pacing the deck, or leaning against the bulwarks, toward setting sun, it would seem as though the most gross and thoughtless mind must rise, and expand, and feel delight. Far and near, rolls "old ocean." Before Jehovah spread out the fairer scenery of the dry land, these restless billows swelled and sparkled, beneath the new made firmament. For thousands of years their wide expanse remained a trackless waste,

"Unconquerable, unrepined, untired,
And nerved the wild, profound, eternal base
In nature's audient."

The storm found no daring mariner to brave its fury, and the gentle breeze no repose on the fair canvass of the lordly ship. Age after age, the fowls of heaven, and the tenants of the deep, held undisputed empire. But now, every ocean is added to the dominion of man. He captures its rulers,—he makes its surges his highway,—and so dexterously adjusts his spreading canvass, as to proceed in the very face of its winds, to his desired haven. But O! how many have found in these same billows a grave! How many a gallant ship has "sunk like lead in the mighty waters," where beauty and vigor, wealth and venerableness, learning and piety, had undistinguished graves.—To these lone deserts of pure waters man pursues his brother with murderous intent—the silence is broken by thundering cannon—the billows bear away the stain of gore, and all that storm ever swallowed up, have been outnumbered by the victims of a single fight. O war! when wilt thy horrid banner be forever furled!

Reflection, following the chasing waves, passes on to the shores they leave, and there looks over nations, and beholds men in their manners, customs, follies, and crimes—their loves and hates—their joys and sorrows—their enthusiastic pursuit of wealth, and amazing disregard of heaven. How interminable and salutary are the thoughts thou inspirest, Ocean!—whether we regard thy age, thy beauties, thy wrath, thy silence, thy treasures, thy services to man, thy praise to God, or the scenes which have been acted on thy surface!

But while we thus muse and speculate, the glories of sunset fade into sober gray, the billows take a deepening, stars multiply, and behold we stand beneath a firmament glowing with ten thousand fires. Hereafter vaster, sublimer fields of thought.

"Hail, Source of Being! Universal Soul
Of heaven and earth. Essential Presence, hail!
To Thee I bend the knee.—To Thee my thoughts
Continual climb: who, with a master hand,
Hast the great whole into perfection touched."

How ennobling and purifying is the study of astronomy! How delicious the Christian's hope of soon roaming among these works of infinite wisdom and power, ever learning, adoring, rejoicing, improving; ever becoming more full of God, and of glory, and of joy!

To be continued.

MOST DELIGHTFUL INTELLIGENCE.
—The whole Bible completed and printed in the Burman tongue, and the fact communicated by the pen of the greatly beloved and highly honored Judson.—It was a matter of great joy, when we gave long since in the columns of the Register, the letter from Brother Judson to us, communicating the first intelligence of the fact that he had finished the translation of the sacred oracles into the Burman language.